

EVERYBODY'S GARDEN.

All along the wayside is everybody's garden! There the wild rose blossoms through the summer days. Bounded by field fences, and ever stretching onward, it is God's own garden. For it, give him praise.

The gay with goldenrod. There blossoming grasses nod. And sunflowers small and yellow turn over in to the sun.

Quaint daisy heads are there, And daisies wild and fair. In everybody's garden each flower's the love-liest one.

All along the wayside is everybody's garden! Come out and gather posies; the very air is sweet.

Come out with hearts of gladness, ye big and little children. Into our Father's garden, made for our strolling feet.

The sitting butterfly. The fluttering winged bee. The tiny clouds that hover above us in the blue.

The bird's song high and clear. Make heaven draw more near. In everybody's garden the world once more is new!

—William Z. Gladwin in Christian Union.

"CALL IT SQUARE."

It is remarkable what sizable romances small bits of territory are capable of producing under favorable conditions. Though containing but six or eight acres, Rattlesnake Island forms the scene of quite an interesting episode along this line. The island lies about two miles to the northeast of Put-in-Bay. From its peculiar formation the island is generally supposed to have derived its name, though some assert that the appellation was bestowed in consequence of the illimitable quantities of the rattlesnake species which rendezvoused in and among the crevices and cavernous rocks. From these fastnesses they were wont to wriggle forth into aggressive prominence, hissing and clicking their spite and whipping the surrounding vegetation until everything looked blue.

An able accessory in the dispersion of this reptile host was undoubtedly vested in the brawn and muscle of old Hank Hammond, who, with his family, located on the island. Old Hank wasn't afraid of rattlesnakes, evidently, and prided himself manifestly upon owning and occupying with his household gods a whole island, which, if not very big, was at least far enough removed from adjacent isles to afford ample seclusion. So at least he imagined, and so in reality it might have proven but for the single obtrusive fact that the old codger was possessed of several comely daughters, and since "love laughs at locksmiths," scales heights inaccessible, traverses distances immeasurable and achieves impossibilities of all sorts, this blind but active imp was not long in finding his way to Rattlesnake Island.

Sadie, the oldest, was an attractive maiden of twenty years, with eyes that matched the color of sea and sky and hair a fluff of golden brown. She was lithe and active, free and fearless, and reveling in adventure, too, on the water like a duck. She was an expert at fishing and fowling, could manipulate a pair of oars with admirable skill, and with a light skiff was accustomed to cross frequently, sometimes alone, the two mile stretch of water which intervened between Rattlesnake and Put-in-Bay.

At the latter place she speedily became the attraction of a youthful fisherman, who inadvertently crossed her path—one Tom Taylor. After this development there was no more peace for Rattlesnake. From time to time its vicinity was haunted by a spectral sail which circled about the island, edging nearer and nearer at each cruise; until one day it lay beached close by the "grout" house of Hank Hammond. At beck of the little winged god Tom Taylor and his boat had followed the charmer to her rocky retreat. This being his first experience in courtship, however, Tom proved a bit fresh, and his bashfulness was exasperating. His feeble advances were regarded with apparent disfavor, the coy maiden turning a deaf ear to his importunities, until in blank despair he shook the dust of Rattlesnake from his feet.

One early spring day, some month's following the collapse of Tom's love affair, a terrific squall, such as sometimes swoops down upon the islands unannounced, struck Put-in-Bay with a force that wrenched limbs from trees and sent the troubled seas sporting up the rocks in blinding showers. Looking from her window an old woman who occupied a cottage on East Point thought she espied a small boat far out on the lake driving eastward before the gale. From a shelf she snatched a pair of field glasses, through which she took a second observation. Yes, the boat was evidently drifting at the mercy of the wind and current. Not an oar was in motion.

Only a single occupant could be discerned, and that a female. With breathless haste the old woman rushed along the shore to a little cove, where among the trees stood a fish shanty. Within an angle of the L-shaped dock several boats lay moored, and two fishermen dressed in yellow oilers and sou'westers were coal tarring twine over a smoking kettle on the shore. One of these individuals proved to be our friend, Tom Taylor. Tom took the field glasses proffered by the scared old lady, and through them examined the drifting boat.

"Blast my buttons if it ain't a woman!" he exclaimed. With two or three long strides he reached the dock and began unfasting a boat.

"What you goin' to do?" demanded his companion.

"Goin' to pick up that ship! Come on, Jim."

Jim demurred, urging that no boat could live long in such a sea and that it was just foolhardy to venture.

Tom, however, would take no denials, and with serious misgivings Jim was finally persuaded to take a hand at the oars. Under the double pull the boat plunged outward into the boiling surf and spray dashed over the two rowers. It was a hard struggle, and many times the boat barely escaped swamping in the heavy seas that struck her; but at last the castaway was overhauled. As they approached the woman stretched

appealing hands toward them and Tom turned in his seat to get a square look at her. "Great Scott!"

The beaded perspiration on his brow began streaming down his cheeks—it was Sadie, she who had so cruelly jilted him. But all differences were forgotten when life and death hung so nicely poised in the balance. The drifting boat was nearly filled with water and it seemed as if every sea would submerge it; but the boat and Sadie were both rescued and landed upon the lee side of a projecting headland. Sadie was drenched through and through. Her hair hung in strings, her clothing clung closely about her, and altogether she looked as picturesque as a ducked hen.

"You may thank your lute for your salvation," remarked Jim, turning to the fair but dilapidated Sadie.

"I never see a woman yet that I thought more of than I do of my individual self, and if Tom hadn't shamed me out and made me go I expect he'd 'a' went alone, and you'd 'a' both gone to Davy Jones," and the rough old fisherman inverted a rubber boot that he had removed for the purpose of draining off the water which was slopping about in it.

The girl made no reply, but from under dripping locks she beamed upon Tom a smile, the most heartsome and approving which he had ever received.

In answer to inquiries Sadie explained how that when midway between the two islands a rowlock had become detached and had fallen overboard, rendering the oars useless, and being overtaken by the squall, she had drifted until discovered and rescued.

Sadie found shelter with some friends who lived in Put-in-Bay until the next morning, when, the gale having died, she was restored to her anxious parents by Tom Taylor in person. She was not much worse for the wetting and scare received, but was appropriately subdued in manner, meeting Tom with uniform kindness and evidently regarding him as a hero.

Old Hank received him with effusive demonstration and insisted upon his remaining for the day as an honored guest, placing before him in the way of entertainment the best that his larder afforded. Sadie behaved beautifully, and it will hardly be necessary to tell of all the little flirtations successfully prosecuted by the young couple during that brief day.

In the evening, as Tom was about taking his departure, his host clapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Young man, if it hadn't been for you my girl wud 'a' been drifting down Lake Erie a dead corpse instead of a settin' here. You've saved her life, and now I don't know how to pay you for the trouble unless you're willin' to take her."

A wave of scarlet suddenly overswept Tom's face, extending clear to the roots of his red hair, while the girl looked the picture of confusion. "Why, dad!"

After a mighty effort Tom succeeded in partially regaining his self-possession, and after clearing his throat said if the old man was "willin'" and the girl was "willin'," he guessed he'd "call it square"—and the girl nodded and the old man said, "All right," and promised to throw in the boat as a part of the bargain. So before the ice fields blocked the island passages there was a wedding on Rattlesnake, and in triumph Tom bore away his bride.

One by one Hank Hammond was robbed of his daughters, and he eventually left the island himself.

Another "Swiss Family Robinson" who succeeded him now occupies his place.

Tom Taylor multiplied and increased as the years swept on and now rejoices in not only an ample share of worldly emoluments, but also a big and blooming family of children.—Exchange.

Witchcraft in Pennsylvania.

Where colonies of immigrants have remained isolated, retaining the use of their own language, the influence of witchcraft is more easily traced. The settlers of Pennsylvania, affords better illustrations of this, and on a larger scale than any other state. It has been but two or three years since suit was brought by a man against his mother in one of the counties of Pennsylvania to recover damages for a dog which he charged her with having killed by witchcraft; and he not only brought suit, but obtained judgment from a justice of the peace. Various witnesses testified as to their experiences in witchcraft, and only one said that he had never had a friend or relative who was bewitched.—Dr. Buckley in Century.

A Prize.

Little Wife—See what I have bought you for a birthday present—I got it at an auction—a genuine antique old fashioned bootleg, such as your Colonial ancestors used.

Husband—I haven't worn boots for twenty years.

Little Wife—I know. Won't it look lovely when it's decorated and hung up!—New York Weekly.

The Oil Gave Out.

After the locomotive department of the Argentine Great Western railway had mastered the question of using petroleum as fuel and most excellent results had been attained, the supply of oil gave out, owing to the borings not going deep enough, and wood and coal are again being used.—New York Times.

Rice Is a Luxury in China.

The Chinese are a wonderful people. It is popularly supposed that rice, on account of its cheapness, is the chief diet of the poorer classes. In reality it is a luxury with them. Millet, a very nutritious grain, unknown to the western world, is one of their most important foods.—Washington Star.

Short Bed Coverings.

In Germany coverlets of down or feathers are much used, but travelers complain of the shortness of them. I have found the trouble with many bed coverings in this country, not only in the hotels and boarding houses, but in private families as well.—Table Talk.

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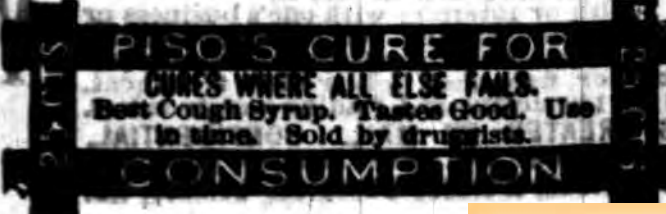
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